

Baby, You're in Luck by Luddleston

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Summary:

Zagreus wants to piss off his father, so he starts dating two much older men that he met in a tattoo shop, and brings them to his father's fancy dinner event.

It seemed like a good idea at the time?

Baby, You're in Luck

Author's Note:

This is based on the song 18 by Anarbor, and is probably about the closest I'll ever get to a songfic lmao.

*So if you wanna piss off your parents, date me to scare them, show them you're all grown up
If long hair and tattoos are what attract you, baby, then you're in luck
And I know it's just a phase, you're not in love with me,
so if you wanna piss off your parents baby, that's alright with me.*

Really, the entire thing was Hermes' fault.

Alright, not really, Zagreus was fully to blame, but Hermes was the reason he'd come up with this scheme (it was a *scheme*, definitely, 'idea' felt too innocent and 'plan' felt too well-thought-through and 'plot' felt too extensive). Hermes' boyfriend was the more specific reason, because when Zagreus mentioned wanting to get a tattoo or another piercing or something, Hermes brought him to Charon's shop, and while they walked over, Hermes mentioned how much Zeus disliked his choice of partner.

Zag thought, *hey, it would actually be kind of funny if my dad got pissed because I dated somebody big and intimidating and covered in tattoos*, and like a romance novel or a pop song cliché, the guy in Charon's chair fit that description exactly, plus he seemed charmed by Zagreus treating him as a captive audience while Charon finished his second sleeve.

His partner was even more intrigued, and he was the one who gave Zagreus both their phone numbers—old-school, by way of writing it on his hand.

So, Zag ended up coming out of that experience with three new piercings (spiky, in a row along the top of his left ear, bringing him to a total of six or seven depending on how many piercings an industrial bar counted as) and two new boyfriends (sexy, much older than him, covered in tattoos, drove matching motorcycles).

"Anything I can do, you can do twice, I suppose?" said Hermes, to which Zagreus laughed and said no, that would require him to have four degrees in things his father thought were useless. Hermes could keep his spot on the Gay Cousins Leaderboard for that one, Zag would happily come in first place in Number of Offensive Boyfriends and nothing else.

Well. He was closing in on Artemis for Number of Family Events Skipped, so that's why he told his father that yes, he was definitely, absolutely coming to the fancy business dinner, and yes, put him down for a plus-one.

Plus-two, actually, but Zagreus sort of wanted that bit to be a surprise and Patroclus told him that if they didn't have enough appetizers for an extra person he'd just eat Zag.

"I'm afraid we don't actually know how to *be* intimidating, we just look that way," Achilles said, as they entered the deeply boring hotel event room this dinner was being held in.

"Oh, that's all you have to do," Zag said. "I'll be the one causing enough antics to get us kicked out."

"Achilles speaks only for himself. I'll also cause antics," Patroclus said.

The hotel staff member who'd gotten the job of checking people in gave them a Look, but didn't say anything, probably because Zagreus' surname was on the building.

It was the first of many such Looks that they would receive that night.

Because, listen, his father and his father's business partners didn't know that Patroclus was a florist and that Achilles worked at a body shop specializing in fancy classic cars. They didn't know the two of them fostered dogs for a local shelter and that Patroclus threw going-away parties for each one. Nobody knew they had an adorable chihuahua named Onion (who Achilles swore was the devil but had only been the sweetest goodest boy for Zag), or that their wedding rings had immensely cheesy matching inscriptions on the insides.

All anybody else saw was Hades' young, impressionable son arm in arm with two men, both head and shoulders taller than him, with unprofessionally-long hair, almost as many piercings as Zagreus (Pat had more than Zag, actually, but the general public didn't see most of his), and wearing more leather than anything else. Even with long sleeves, a good portion of Achilles' elaborate tattoos were visible, his neck piece and half the one on his chest exposed. Half the room was staring at Patroclus' arm slung possessively around Zagreus' shoulders, his palm resting over Zag's chest, and the other half was looking at Achilles' hand resting on Zagreus' lower back, too far down to be acceptable.

Compared to the clean-cut, vanilla businessmen that filled the room, Zagreus himself looked rowdy, with his pierced ears and his shirt-sleeves rolled up and his suit jacket god-knows-where. Achilles and Patroclus just looked *dangerous*.

"Zagreus." The crowd parted to reveal Hades, striding to meet them dead-center of the room.

For once in his life, Zag didn't feel cowed by his father, didn't feel like he was staring down a brick wall and trying to get it to crumble with spiteful looks. He wasn't sure how long this invincibility would last. Hades had a way of making it wear off fast.

"Father. You said I shouldn't date anybody else who works for you, so I didn't." He was sure Meg was around here somewhere, doing whatever she did as head of security. Than was in a corner, buttoned-up as he always was at work, giving Zagreus a bewildered look.

"I do not need to say this wasn't what I had in mind."

"No, but if it makes you feel better, go ahead." Zagreus settled a hand over Patroclus' on his chest, just in case he was thinking of moving it.

"It certainly will not fix... this," Hades grumbled. "If only I could undo your lack of discretion."

"Well, of course not, you can't undo that and they can't un-fuck me, so I believe that puts us at a bit of an impasse." He wasn't shouting it or anything, but he was speaking loudly enough that he acquired several more Looks, enough that he figured he should start a running tally.

"Zagreus," Hades said again, mounting rage in it, but he wouldn't blow his top in front of his brothers or his guys in suits. "I want you to escort your... your—"

"Boyfriends," Zagreus helpfully supplied.

"—that, out of here—"

"I'd rather not, actually."

Hades frowned, and lowered his voice, his anger going cold instead of earth-shaking. "You are treading a thin line, boy."

Oof. There it was. Zag was, despite Pat's arm around his shoulder and Achilles' hand on his back, feeling once again just as small and insignificant as he was used to.

In his periphery, he could see Achilles and Pat exchanging a look of their own, one of those telepathic ones you get when you're in the kind of marriage that makes people believe in love again, or you're twins. He wondered if Hypnos and Than could do that.

"We'll go," Patroclus said, which momentarily made Zagreus panic, his grip on Patroclus' hand turning white-knuckled, "but we're taking Zagreus with us."

"No, you're not," Hades said.

"Yes, we are." Achilles said it with finality even colder than Hades' disgust.

And so, they took him home.

Honestly, Zag was surprised it worked, surprised his father didn't stop them.

Pleasantly surprised, of course, because he'd much rather be making out with Patroclus on their couch (who had time to walk all the way to the bedroom, really?) while Achilles gave him an impressively large hickey right where Zagreus asked for it—where everybody could see it.

They were particularly fierce with him tonight. They were always a little rough, ever since Zagreus' first request during a hook-up had been *fucking destroy me*, but this was different than just rough. This was pointed, purposeful. Claiming. more than anything else, it made Zagreus want to sob, want to pull them closer, want to be trapped between them. If they decided to never let him go, he wouldn't complain.

"Please," he said. He wasn't sure what he was begging for.

"Yes, lad," Achilles said, which was what he called Zagreus when he was being sweet. "We have you. Whatever you want."

Things slowed for a moment. Zagreus didn't lean in for another kiss and Patroclus didn't pull him into one. The two of them just leaned against him, pressing him between them, breathing together. Patroclus ran his hand through Zagreus' hair, letting him tuck his head against his neck.

"I'm sorry," he said eventually. "I shouldn't have gotten the two of you wrapped up in my family bullshit."

"No need to be," Patroclus said. "We weren't the ones your father hurt with everything he said."

Zagreus could feel his chest rumble as he spoke, almost felt as if that aspect lasted, the impact of his words settling in.

"Shit." Tears pricked at his eyes even though it wasn't anything that should have upset him, just an acknowledgment of the truth. But an acknowledgment of the truth was an acknowledgment that maybe Zagreus' father didn't have his best interests at heart, which was more than he could get most of the time. "Yeah, I... God. I still don't want to, ugh, force anybody else to deal with him."

"Want me to fight him?" Patroclus said, in that lazy drawl that always made Zagreus second-guess whether he was joking.

"What? No! Thank you for offering, though." He leaned back, wiping at his eyes even though no tears fell. "It'll be easier next year, once I move out."

Patroclus looked over Zagreus' shoulder, probably at Achilles. Another instance of that married telepathy.

"Stay with us tonight," Achilles said. They'd never asked before. Zagreus had told them from the start that he had a curfew, and one of them always did him the courtesy of dropping him off at home after they had their fun. His curfew hardly mattered now. It wasn't as if his father was going to wonder where he was, who he was with. He'd probably catch hell in the morning, but he'd catch hell right now if he went home.

"Okay."

He wasn't stupid, he texted Nyx. *"When Father asks, I'm with my boyfriends. Here's the address. Promise I'm safe."* That ought to do it.

He showered while Patroclus ordered food (apparently eating Zagreus was not his only back-up plan) and Achilles went through his somewhat elaborate hair-and-skin-care routine. It meant Zagreus had somebody to talk to while he was in the shower, and somebody to keep him from overthinking himself into a sulk.

It also meant Zagreus had somebody to shriek at him when he hopped out of the shower, still completely soaked, and hugged him.

Once Achilles was back in dry clothes and Zagreus had been scrubbed down with a towel and wrapped in a ridiculously fluffy bathrobe that Patroclus had stolen from a hotel some years back, they all piled onto the couch with far too much takeout, which the dogs tried to beg off them. Onion curled up in Zagreus' lap, his little ears perking up whenever one of them made Zag laugh.

He'd turned his phone off and set it on the kitchen counter, out of eyesight, but wondered whether he'd wake up to a few dozen missed calls from his father with a handful of voicemails to boot. Or was this one of those nights where he'd hear absolutely nothing, when his father determined that any attempt at contact was just feeding into what he deemed a childish need for attention? While he thought he should feel better about the latter as an option, it somehow stung worse.

Patroclus seemed to notice the reverie Zagreus had let himself lapse into, because he proclaimed it time for bed and, before Zagreus could suggest otherwise, scooped him up into his arms.

Onion, who was unhappy to have been jostled out of his resting place, decided to blame the only person not involved in said incident, and trotted over to express his ire upon Achilles, who, as he told the dog, was, *"only cleaning up, you miscreant, calm down."*

"Pat, you really don't have to—" said Zagreus, despite sort of loving being swept off his feet like this.

"Hush. I know you like it. And, you're not very heavy." Patroclus plopped him down onto the bed and followed after, curling up on Zagreus' left, his arm over Zagreus' waist, his face tucked into Zagreus' shoulder. Zag was given to believe this was the half of the bed Patroclus ordinarily slept on—when he took off his glasses so that he could get closer to Zagreus without jabbing them into his face, the case for them was already open and waiting on the nightstand beside him. "Achilles will be along in a moment."

"Mmkay." Zagreus turned his head to try to catch Patroclus' mouth in a kiss. He was successful, and while it lingered, it did not deepen.

The kiss, like everything else that night, felt so immensely comfortable it was almost strange. Zagreus wondered if, perhaps, after the discomfort of being forcibly removed from his father's business dinner, the rest of it felt softer, sweeter.

Or perhaps, having seen what Zagreus was using them to fight against, Achilles and Patroclus themselves had become softer with him.

He was sure he didn't deserve all that. It made that newfound sweetness feel sour, and Zagreus couldn't help but turn his face away. He did so only to find Achilles joining him, slotting in against his other side and pulling the folded duvet from the foot of the bed over them. Between them, he felt safer than he did even walking into his father's formal dinner with one of them on each arm. And again, his mind told him, he did not deserve it.

"I'm sorry," he said.

Achilles had it in him to ask, "what for?"

"For... everything. For dating you primarily to get back at my father. For thinking that was at all a good way to—ugh. For everything." After this, he let silence hang in the air.

"If I recall correctly, one of the very first things you said to us was, 'if this doesn't piss my father off, I could always show up with a deeply objectionable boyfriend'," said Patroclus, quoting Zagreus near-exactly, as far as he could remember. "You haven't tricked us, we became interested in... well, in *more*, despite how our relationship started." In reaching over Zagreus, he'd started playing with Achilles' hair, winding one of Achilles' curls around his forefinger.

Achilles was watching Zagreus more closely, never quite as good at remaining calm despite the circumstances. His hand rested over Zagreus' heart, and it was very still. He could, no doubt, feel how fast it beat. "We care for you, lad," he said. "And god knows you deserve people who care about you. People who want to take care *of* you."

This, like Patroclus' admission that Hades was hurting Zagreus, made tears prick at his eyes. "I'm not used to that," he said. There was a little disturbance at the end of the bed as one of the dogs joined them. Onion, as it turned out, making his way to Zagreus by walking up Achilles' back and over his shoulder.

("See, he does like you," said Patroclus.

"Your dog is using me, Pat, nothing more.")

Having a small animal curled up on his chest (having displaced Achilles' hand, which was now wrapped in Zagreus' own) was almost as comforting as having a lover on either side. "I like this," Zagreus said. "I like the two of you, just like this. Much more than I like pissing off my father."

"Good," said Patroclus, "our bed always was too large."

"Except for that time one of the shelter dogs was a Newfoundland," Achilles said. "You're much more pleasant than that, Zagreus."

"And a much better kisser," Patroclus agreed.

Zagreus laughed, proving good on this, tipping his head to kiss each one of them in turn. "My father," he decided, "is going to have to get used to me dating objectionable men."

Author's Note:

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